

SEPT-52-R-3634-  
SHANNON, S.  
146 SHERBURN ST.  
WPG, MAN.



# A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS to ALL

*As the joyous songs of Christmastide  
ring out over the world, telling the  
holy message of "PEACE ON EARTH,  
GOOD WILL TO MEN", we extend the  
Season's Greetings to all our Friends  
and Benefactors.*

*May the DIVINE CHILD bring you true PEACE,  
HOLINESS and CONTENTMENT. May the NEW  
YEAR be one of HAPPINESS, PROGRESS and  
PROSPERITY!*

THE  
**INDIAN**  **RECORD**  
MISSIONARY

VOL. XIV, No. 12

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA

DECEMBER, 1951

# The Indian Missionary Record

FOUNDED IN 1938

Published ten times a year by "The Catholic Press Apostolate"

Editor and Manager

REV. GONTRAN LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I.  
340 Provencher Avenue, St. Boniface, Manitoba

DIRECTORS: † Martin Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic, The Pas, Man.; † Henri Routhier, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic, McLennan Alta.; Very Rev. Paul Piché, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates, St. Boniface, Man.; Very Rev. O. Fournier, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates, Edmonton, Alta.  
ADVISORY BOARD: Rev. J. Brachet, O.M.I., McIntosh, Ont.; Rev. G. M. Latour, O.M.I., Provincial Counsellor, Hobbema, Alta.

Printed by Canadian Publishers, Winnipeg, Man.

Authorized as Second Class Matter, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada

\$1.00 a year — Bulk rates on application.

## The Future Lies in the White Man's Way

Rt. Rev. J. A. MacDonagh, D.P.,

President, Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada

Our Indians are basically a proud race. In their natural habitat, the outdoors, they know their own great capabilities. Few white men can surpass their keenness of sight, their endurance, their ability to live off the land, their resourcefulness in the forest, their powers of observation. But this is the twentieth century and they have to face the fact of the overpowering invasion of the white civilization which veins the prairie with steel and black top roads. Every month that passes brings them definitely nearer to the day when they must reckon with their future. They must change or perish.

No longer can you call him the vanishing red man. The present census will show, just as the last two have, that the Indian is in the process of a brisk increase. But the wilderness is not increasing. The future of his children lies in the white man's way.

## "TREMENDOUS NEED OF CHURCH HELP IN SOLVING INDIAN PROBLEM" WINNIPEG MINISTER AFFIRMS

Conditions under which Indians exist in Winnipeg during the winter were scored recently by a city minister.

Mr. Taylor dealt generally with the Indian situation in a sermon entitled "A Debt We Owe."

He said one of the greatest problems of the past few years has been the increased freedom of the Indians. "They are allowed greater freedom of travel . . . and I am told that this very day about half the population of Norway House is in Winnipeg.

"You can imagine the environment in which they live during the winter. Some work—most merely exist."

Mr. Taylor said the Indian "is still a helpless victim of our society today. He is neglected, he is exploited, he is the victim of injustice."

Mr. Taylor, who served the United Church on an Indian reservation for a period of time, said he understood the Indians are the fastest growing segment of our population.

He saw the solution of the Indian problem as lying in three directions — education, health

and social services and evangelism.

Mr. Taylor stressed that the Indian child is as "intelligent, if not more so, than a white child, if not more the opportunity of education."

In the field of health, he advised that improved maternal and child care has sharply diminished the mortality rate among Indians in recent years.

As to spiritual needs—"there is a tremendous need for the church to match the growth of mental and physical power with the development of spiritual strength."

If an Indian wishes to return to his reservation, affirmed Regional Director J. S. Davis, the Government will give him a ticket to get back home. Living conditions on the home reserves are never as bad as they would be in some Winnipeg houses. The Treaty Indian population in Winnipeg is estimated at 1,300. Very little can be done for those who elect to stay in the city as the Indians are as free as the whites to come and go as they please. — (Editor's note).

## A Wonderful Day for Marie Lorette

Mary Ellen Doyle

WHITEFISH BAY DAY SCHOOL, SIOUX NARROWS, ONT.

It was a most beautiful day for lovely little two-year-old Marie Lorette Herbert. Nearly all the people of Whitefish Bay Reservation came to her home specially in her honor. The teachers, Miss O'Neil and Miss Doyle, came with all the school pupils to say the Rosary just for her.

The missionary, Father Lacelle, came with Father St. Jacques, all the way from Kenora, over 50 miles away. Father De Varennes came, too, bringing many boys and girls from Fort Frances, about 100 miles away, and they graciously sang hymns for her.

Tiny Marie Lorette was oh! so happy to see them all there together. But she could not tell them how happy she was away up in her beautiful new home. You see she was in Heaven, laughing and playing with the angels and the Blessed Virgin Mary and the little Child Jesus. And altogether with her they were looking down on her relatives and friends and blessing them.

You see, because God called her soul back to Him, her poor little body was no good any more. They were putting it in the ground where it would go back to nothing from which it sprang in the first place at the Creator's will.

But little Marie Lorette didn't mind a bit, she was so busy being happy and having fun with the angels and the Blessed Virgin Mary and the little Child Jesus. She knew her little body away down there was very precious to the great Kitchi Manitou, who fashioned it so beautifully himself. She knew, too, that at the end of the world He would make it come alive again when it will join her soon in Heaven.

Now, many people when they die are not so lucky as Marie Lorette. Some have to have a good bath of fire to get all cleaned up. Some have a good washing in the flames for just a short time. Others have to soak in the fire a long time to get clean because they got their lovely souls very dirty by being lazy and impure and dishonest and unkind. They loved themselves so much they would not even say a few prayers, or try to keep God's commandments.

Because Marie Lorette was so young, she never did any of these bad things that would soil her soul. Once upon a time, too, she was baptized and that made her God's own little child and the Blessed Virgin's, too. So Father Lacelle came to bless her small dead body, which one day will come alive again and to bless her little grave, too.

So now we all have a new friend in Heaven. Marie Lorette watches over her father, Paddy, and her mother, Marguerite, and her brother, Albert, and her sis-

ters, Josephine, Corinne, Evelyn and Clara, because she loves them all very much. She wants them and all her friends at Whitefish Bay to be good so they can come and live with her in Heaven for ever and ever.

In Heaven there is no more cold to suffer, nor hunger, nor sickness, nor trouble, nor sorrow. Just everybody very happy all the time forever and ever. No wonder it was such a beautiful day for little Marie Lorette, of Whitefish Bay.

## WANT A TRIP TO THE MOON?

The development of the rocket during the war may carry man to the moon in the not-too-distant future. But when he arrives, Old Luna will not give him a very pleasant reception.

There will be no atmosphere in which he can live, no air on which to carry sound and odors. The temperature of the rocks will reach 214 degrees Fahrenheit during the day and drop to 243 degrees below zero at nightfall. This change occurs because there is no protective atmosphere on the surface of the moon to retain the warmth of the day or permit the transfer of heat from lighted areas adjacent.

There will be no rain. No clouds. Nor will there be any weathering to cause erosion. Therefore, rocks will be sharp and mountainsides will be steep and jagged. Plains and broad valleys will be covered with volcanic dust, constantly spattered with meteors or "shooting stars."

To the human eye, the sky will appear black instead of blue. Untwinkling stars will shine right up to the sun's border. The sun itself will rise above the moon's horizon, then pass slowly westward for 14½ earth days, tempering the rocks to blistering heat. After that the sun will set and leave the rocks in frigid darkness for 14½ days.

Once landed on this dead satellite of jagged mountains, countless craters, and white-hot plains, man will view the distant earth from the interior of his rocket with a nostalgia he had never known before, wishing he were back on the glorious green planet he will never see again.

—VANCE HOYT.

# Saskatchewan Judge Indicts Liquor Traffic

## "Menace of the White Man"

"This crime, with its foul and tragic results can largely be laid at the door of liquor and the liquor traffic," Saskatchewan's Chief Justice said, November 21. He was sentencing a young Indian to two years' imprisonment for slaying his wife.

A native who will spend two years in Regina jail, was found guilty of slaying his wife, the young mother of a two-year-old girl, at a roadside encampment after a "wild drinking party."

Chief Justice J. T. Brown, Court of King's Bench, passing sentence on the young Indian, made a lengthy and stinging criticism of the illicit liquor sales.

It was too bad, he said, that those who engaged in that business and who sat in "exalted places" as a result, and regarded themselves as public benefactors, did not occasionally get a glimpse of the product of their trade.

"I recall the historic pact that this fine Canadian police force which has, with its customary degree of fairness and efficiency conducted this investigation, was largely called into being for the purpose of protecting the Indians of these prairies from the whisky running activities of their white neighbors across the border.

### A Constant Menace

"That was some 80 years ago and we still face the fact that liquor and the liquor traffic are a constant menace and an enemy of the Indian whenever he leaves the protection afforded him on a reserve.

"The white man is still the tool and the instrument that the traffic uses to menace the sanity and sobriety of the Indian, to rob him and his home of his means and livelihood and bring about his downfall.

"Here we have a young Indian, just 24 years of age, with a hitherto good reputation. According to the evidence, a good worker and a good provider, devoted to and kindly disposed toward his wife and young daughter, yet found guilty of brutally assaulting and thereby killing that young woman and all without any motive for doing so.

### One Explanation

"There is only one explanation for such a tragedy and that explanation speaks in thunderous tones in this case. It is liquor and the liquor traffic.

"It was liquor that dethroned this man's reason. It was liquor



The art of making wool sweaters is practised by the Cowichan Indians on Vancouver Island. This is very lucrative occupation. Cowichan sweaters are said to last forever.

that robbed his heart of its natural kindness. It was liquor that created this abnormality and made a killer out of a man who apparently loved and was kindly disposed towards the woman he killed.

"As a Chief Justice of Saskatchewan and a member of the white race, I sometimes stand aghast as I contemplate the trials of desolation and sorrow and crime which the liquor traffic brings to our own race."

Growing seriousness of the liquor traffic situation has also caused concern among judges, police and other public authorities in Saskatchewan.

## The Record Moves to the Capital

A little over four years ago the "Indian Missionary Record" marked its tenth anniversary of foundation by moving to Winnipeg, where better publishing facilities were available. This coming January another move of still greater importance will take place.

To keep abreast of the ever-increasing needs of the Indian population of Canada in the educational and welfare fields, the Oblate Commission for Indian Welfare and Training had decided that the "Indian Missionary Record" would be in a far better position to serve the cause if it were transferred to the capital of Canada, Ottawa.

This decision was made early in October and, accordingly, your Editor is moving to Ottawa in the first days of January and the next issue of the Indian Record will be published there.

Subscribers and contributors to the Record are requested to address their correspondence, after December 25th, to:

P.O. Drawer 94, Ottawa, Canada.

## B.C. GIVES NATIVES ACCESS TO BEER PARLORS

OTTAWA, Ont. — British Columbia's Indians will soon be legally entitled to enter the province's beer parlors and buy themselves a drink just like any other citizen.

Citizenship Minister Walter Harris received a formal request of the lieutenant-governor of British Columbia for a proclamation making operative Section 95 of the Indian Act, which will make it possible for Indians to enter beer parlors and liquor clubs.

It does not, however, permit them to buy liquor for consumption outside a public place, nor does it permit them to have liquor on a reserve.

British Columbia is the second province to ask that the relevant section of the Indian Act be proclaimed, Prince Edward Island having done so about one month ago.

## Denunciation Supported by Prominent Sask. Citizens

REGINA, SASK. — The "Regina Leader Post" published on November 30, 1951, strong endorsements of Justice's Brown scathing denunciation of the white man's guilt in supplying liquor illegally to the natives.

Among the prominent citizens of that Province, Rev. J. R. Hord (Lakeview United Church), Attorney General J. W. Corman, Social Welfare Minister J. H. Sturdy, Miss Marjory Bernard (Director of the Regina Welfare Bureau), supported the views expressed by the Chief Justice.

Mrs. A. H. Brass, direct descendant of two Chiefs who signed the Treaties 75 years ago, recalls that as a result of repeated pleas from Indian chiefs at the time the Treaties were signed, supplying of liquor to

Indians for consumption of alcohol by Indians became illegal. She writes:

"After a short experience with liquor, called firewater among our people, they had the foresight to see the evils of it and requested that a provision be made in the treaty forbidding its use among the Indians . . ."

Her husband, Mr. A. H. Brass, who advocated three years ago to an Indian Meeting in Saskatoon that liquor restrictions be removed, said that his suggestion was turned down by the other Indian delegates; he adds: "I wish liquor could be abolished."

## NOT OPENED TO INDIANS IN ALBERTA

EDMONTON, ALTA. — A Government spokesman reports that Alberta has no intention to relax the liquor laws and permit Indians to enter beer parlors and liquor clubs. No changes are contemplated in the Province's liquor laws, he said, according to a Canadian Press report.

# AN EARLIER POCAHONTAS

Condensed from an Article in "Everglades"

WHEN, on June 3, 1539, Hernando de Soto took possession of a strip of sand that lay east of the unknown Everglade country, an Indian brought word that far away in the interior was a captured Spanish Christian who knew the Florida country. De Soto, eager for firsthand knowledge of the wilderness and greedy for its potential riches, at once sent an expedition, which soon returned with a brown and naked man, tattooed like a savage, who moved with the poise of an Indian. At first the man couldn't remember his Spanish, but presently, as it came back to him, he told an amazing story.

His name was Juan Ortiz, and his home had been Seville. Nobly born, but poor, he'd come to the new world to seek his fortune with Panfilo de Narvaez's expedition to Florida in 1528. But when Narvaez, along with 300 of his men, failed to return from an exploratory trip northward, Ortiz had sailed back to Havana, with the other survivors. Shortly after, however, 25 or so Spaniards, Ortiz among them, returned to Florida to renew the search. When they reached the beach where Narvaez had gone ashore, there was nothing to be seen but a few native thatched roofs and two or three Indians standing motionless. But they did see something that a white man might have left — a cane sticking in the sand with a thing like a letter in its split top.

Juan Ortiz, crammed with life and courage and enthusiasm, good looking, sure of his fate, could not wait to go ashore and get that letter. Only one other man would go with him in the small boat. The others argued, warning him of the known ferocity of these Florida people. But nothing could stop Juan Ortiz.

He rowed the small boat gratingly up the sand, jumped out, and ran gaily toward the letter, his hair blowing, grinning to himself because he was happy to be ashore in this new world. But he was stopped short by a crowd of tall, dark, tattooed men who grabbed him with arms as hard as tree limbs. Then he heard blows and saw the other Spaniard break loose and

by  
MARJORIE  
DOUGLAS

run only to be clubbed down from behind. The sailing vessel in which they had come was moving out to sea.

Juan Ortiz was taken to a village, where dark-bodied, painted people swarmed out from houses on pilings along the narrow waterways. They ran after him, screaming hostility, until they reached a sort of square, cut out of the brush, where a group of men sat on logs about a great brown chief. The heavily tattooed chief remained absolutely still, his face like magnificently carved weathered wood.

The young Spaniard looked about him slowly, his bold glance dulling a little at the strange and menacing attitude of the crowd; men stern and silent on each side, women peeping and whispering behind—old women with faces like withered nut meats, handsome mothers with babies, and girls comely and smooth as doves, with great shy eyes. The crowd was quiet now, listening to the deliberate murmur and stop, murmur and stop, of the voices of the council. It was dreadfully hot and glary; Juan Ortiz's skin prickled under his heavy Spanish clothing and a chill sweat ran down his spine. He could hear flies buzzing in the silence. Then with only a turn of the chief's wrist the talk was over.

He spent the night tied in a hut, and at daylight men came and led him across trampled sand to low posts that were set over old ashes. While the brown crowds watched, they tore his clothes from him, so that he stood there naked, his flesh white and shining strangely in the sunlight. He was bound with thongs and spread-eagled helplessly on a kind of grid made of poles. A blazing stick was applied and Juan Ortiz heard the quick crackle of flame beneath him. As the pain of the fire stabbed deep into his back, he screamed, the full-wrenched scream of protest that life should end so — Mother of God!

But suddenly the flaming sticks were scattered and someone was cutting the sharp thongs that numbed his feet and hands. He was jerked roughly to his feet and pushed stumbling, blind with sun and agony, to face again the men in the council. Vaguely he saw that one of those girls he had thought comely was standing there also, speaking quickly. She was brown and soft and bare above the waist, and her moss skirt fell to her shapely knees. She wore bright ornaments about her neck, and she was graceful, shaking back her long black hair.

Presently the chief moved his head to look him over, as Juan Ortiz had seen Spanish slave buyers look over an Indian on a block. The chief nodded and he was taken away, twisted with the growing pain in his burned back. But he understood that he was not to die, that the girl had saved him. He was to understand later that she and the other women had though him too young, too good-looking to be destroyed and had insisted to her father, Chief Ucita, that it would even be a proud thing for him and for the tribe to own a white captive.

Some old woman cared for him in one of the thatched huts — put salve on his back and brought him water and food — until Juan Ortiz once again stood springy and hopeful on his feet, breathing the bright air thankfully into his lungs. He learned to relish the Indian food, and went without clothing, except a breech-clout, and turned brown in the constant sun. He learned Indian words and the skills of the fish spear and net, and worked with the women at their tasks of pottery-making and skin-scraping and woodcutting, and constant carrying of water. And the young girl who had saved him looked at him kindly, and it may be that she slipped into his hut at night and comforted him in the way of love, as

it was not improper for young Indian girls to do before marriage.

Soon, however, it was not enough that he join only in the women's work. Juan Ortiz was taken far out beyond the village into the forest, to a place where logs were piled up in crude shapes like tombs. This was the way these people exposed their dead, and under a new pile of logs lay a dead child, a chief's son. For four days and nights the small body must be guarded against wild beasts.

Juan Ortiz had a fire to watch by, and he sat by it and thought of his father's house and the street corners of Seville. About him in the trees he heard small, throbbing voices and hooting cries. Juan slept when he should not be sleeping.

When he awoke there were stealthy sounds of dragging among leaves. A stick cracked. Beyond the embers of the firelight green eyes glared at him and went out. His heart pounding, he ran and slammed his spear at the thrashing in the bushes. Straining to listen, he heard nothing else. Then he went back to the eye of his fire and called upon his saints. Very early, in the first shadowless light, he examined the small piled logs and saw that they were wrenched apart as if by some great paw. The child's body was gone! The morning's cold dew was no colder than the goose-flesh roughening his skin. This would be the death of him.

Presently men stood about him and he saw the dark hating face of the father of the child. The old scars on his back stung as he tried to tell them what had happened. Men went trotting where he pointed, just before they began to bind his wrists. But there was a shout. They were coming back carrying high the little boy's body, and dragging behind them a great dead grinning wolf, with Juan Ortiz's spear fast in the throat. That, thought Ortiz, was the luckiest blow any man ever struck!



The three years after that in which Juan Ortiz lived in the favor of Chief Ucita were good enough years for a young man, living more and more as an Indian and a warrior, binding up his long hair with arrows, scraping off his beard with sharp-edged shells and even letting himself be tattooed and initiated into a clan. The Indians gave respect to any man who could hold his own among them.

Then from the northwest came the raiding chief of another tribe, Mococo, who burned Ucita's town and took prisoners. Ucita and some of his people escaped to the south.

It was immediately clear to Ucita, as the priest muttered by his shoulder, that the evil that had come to them had been caused by the white man. That night, as Juan Ortiz slept, the girl, the chief's daughter who had saved him first, slipped to him in the dark, whispering that her father meant to have him killed in ceremonies of expiation tomorrow, so that the luck of his people might be changed. He must get up and go now, at once, to the victorious Mococo. There was some talk that she fled with him but the first narrative has it that she went only halfway, to show him the path.

In the morning he came to a river where two of Mococo's men were fishing and roused the warriors, who would have killed him except that he shouted at them and someone understood. Then came Mococo himself, pacing out to see this Christian who had fled to him from his enemies. Ortiz promised to serve the chief truly, who in turn pledged that if any Christians ever came in a ship to that coast he would be free to go with them.

And so it was that an Indian messenger told de Soto of the captive Spaniard, and that Mococo, true to his word, allowed Ortiz to go and join his countrymen. So it was, too, that this dramatic story of Juan Ortiz and his rescue by a chief's daughter was included in the clear and authentic narrative of the de Soto expedition which a Portuguese gentleman of the town of Elvas, who had it from Ortiz himself, wrote and published in Portugal in 1557.

The Elvas narrative was translated into English early in the 17th century and published in London. Shortly afterward Captain John Smith published the story of his romantic rescue by Pocahontas, the second version of his account of experiences with the Indians of Virginia in 1607. Captain Smith's first version made no mention whatsoever of the Pocahontas episode. Thus, some historians consider the gentleman of Elvas's narrative the true origin of the great American tale of the white captive and the rescuing Indian maiden.



Tall Mandan, Sioux Chieftain

## Where The West Meets Asia

Only three and one-half miles separate Big Diomed owned by the U.S.S.R. and Little Diomed owned by the U.S.A.

Both of these islands are small, extremely rocky with cobblestone streets that slant either up or down. The people are Eskimos. They speak the same language, play the same games, attend each other's social functions, even intermarry. In winter when the ice forms a connecting bridge, they are especially united, yet, one island is of the Eastern Hemisphere, the other belongs to the Western Hemisphere. There is a division in time also, because the International Date Line runs between the Diomedes. An Eskimo could leave Little Diomed on Friday and arrive in Big Diomed an hour or so later — on Saturday.

Many thousands of years ago, there was actually a land bridge connecting Asia and Alaska. Across this bridge trekked the hoipolloi of two civilizations. Alaska was then an important step in the migration of Asiatic peoples who formed the aboriginal popula-

tion of the Western Hemisphere. The melting of the ice caps, however, and the submergence of the bridge halted this two-way traffic. Alaska, too, was submerged as far as the rest of the world was concerned.

Alaska is closer to the important centres of the world than is the United States. For example, the shortest route between Washington and Chunking is through Canada, Alaska and Northeastern Siberia rather than across the States and the Pacific. It is 4,300 miles shorter to travel from Chicago to Shanghai via Alaska than it is via San Francisco and Hawaii.

Although it is closer to Maine than Eureka, California, Alaska is only 56 miles from Russia. Point Barrow, Alaska, is at least 200 miles nearer to Berlin than New York is, and more than 500 miles closer to Moscow. Ketchikan, Alaska, is closer to the Panama Canal than is Hawaii, and is closer by several hundred miles to the former Japanese naval base of Paramoshiri.

## THE EVERGREEN TREE

Where did the Christmas tree tradition originate?

According to the most reliable tradition, an evergreen was first used as a symbol of birth of Christ in Germany. But the one who was responsible for what is now regarded as a German institution was a foreigner — possibly an Irishman — who is credited with introducing this custom to the New World.

St. Boniface, the Apostle to Germany, was a Benedictine Monk who received in baptism the name of Winfried, or Winfrith. Like Ireland's own apostle St. Patrick, there is a controversy as to the place of his birth. Neither the date nor the place of Winfried's birth is known. Crediton in Devonshire, England, is supported by most modern writers as the place, but both Scotland and Ireland claim him as a native son.

When St. Boniface went to preach the Gospel to eighth-century Germans, he noted that the pagans on festival occasion decorated oak trees with fruit and furs and other symbols. The apostle saw no objection to the tree — a beautiful Christian symbol for many reasons — but he selected a different species of tree; and he offered his followers a great and lasting reason for making the change.

"The oak," said St. Boniface, "like most other trees and shrubs, changes color and loses its foliage according to season. But consider the evergreen family. These trees never change color, nor do they shed their foliage. They are, therefore, the more worthy of consideration for religious ceremonies."

The evergreen was likened by St. Boniface to the unchangeableness of the true God; and the decorations of the tree, under his guidance, became community gifts symbolizing the bounty of God.

Commenting on the state of the world, a Navajo philosopher in Gallup, New Mexico, summed it up pretty neatly when he said: "To many chiefs — not enough Indians".—Ralph Goodan.

## THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL



In every country of the world, in every Catholic church and chapel, priests offer Mass in the universal language of the Church. These Japanese servers give the same responses as do American altar boys. All nations again will hear the words spoken by angels to announce the birth of Christ nearly 2,000 years ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." (NCWC)

## Many Beautiful Legends Surround Christ's Birth

There are many beautiful legends referring to the birth of Our Lord. For instance, we are told that, when night overtook the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph three miles from Bethlehem, an angel appeared to guide them along their way. With a flaming torch which only they could see, he led the holy travelers to a cave where in bygone ages Jesse, the father of King David, had sheltered his sheep.

When the angel had disappeared, St. Joseph saw a bright light flash down from heaven; and as the Blessed Virgin entered the cave, the light seemed to pass in with her, filling its space with the radiance of noon. This miraculous light is said to have surrounded both with dazzling splendor.

Amazed by the appearance of the sky and the light that streamed from it, St. Joseph looked around him on every side. All nature seemed to stand still as if

some great event was about to happen. This state of general suspense and hushed expectancy is set forth in inimitable beauty and delicacy of expression by Milton in his famous hymn in honor of the Nativity.

A few moments later St. Joseph met a woman, to whom he gave a hasty explanation; and she at once turned to accompany him back to the cave. But during the short absence Mary had given birth to the Saviour, whom the angels surrounded and were the first to worship. They were allowed this privilege because they had been chosen to bear witness to His coming.

Mary now wrapped her newborn Babe in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. As His head touched the hay which formed His bed, the vegetable world also bore witness to His Divinity. We are told that the dry, rose-colored sainfoin was immediately restored to life and beauty, and began to expand its pretty flowers, which lovingly twined into a soft wreath around the Infant Jesus' head.

## REAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Greeting cards with pictures of wintry landscapes, scotties, a sprig of holly or mistletoe, etc., might as well be sent at New Year's or on some other winter day as at Christmas. They have no real bearing on the origin of the feast of the Saviour's nativity. And roly-poly Santa is only the symbol of the material side of Christmas, the agent of gift-giving.

Real Christmas cards carry reminders of the first Christmas, of the central figure of the feast, the Divine Infant. Pictures of the crib, of the Babe with Mary and Joseph, of the shepherds, of the

star that summoned the Wise Men, etc., are appropriate and have real meaning.

By using such greeting cards we will promote knowledge and recognition of Him whom a large part of the world is trying to ignore. Neglect of Him is the main cause of the world's afflictions. He came on earth to bring true peace to individuals and to nations. Without Him they cannot ban war and achieve concord. When those in control of world affairs realize this, we can hope for real peace. Sound public opinion can convince them of this, and the right kind of public opinion can be promoted by spreading knowledge of the Divine Saviour and His teachings.

## The King and the Shepherd

By Margaret Lorenz

He had longed all his life to see a king, to drink deeply of all pomp and splendor that went with seeing a royal personage, and to dimly comprehend all that savored of courts and palaces. But no king ever swept by his little home, and no chariot with wonderful horses rumbled, heavy with importance, down the narrow road. He had never revealed this sweet dream to his fellow shepherds, for in his years, which were now many, they would have thought him in his dotage. Now that the sands of life were running low, the longing to see a king before he was gathered to his fathers was intense.

On long quiet nights, atop a windy hill, where the hours went by slowly, one had time to embellish a dream.

The king would stop, and he would offer him a brimming goblet (where the goblet was to come from he did not know, but in dreams one can be careless of cold logic). The king would smile, nay, he would speak, and from that hour on, the shepherd would not be a tender of sheep, although a young shepherd had, once upon a time, been king.

He would be set apart, because a king had honored him. It was sweet to dream, and hug the dream close. It was comforting in his old age...

The windy hill was encircled by not only winds, but icy ones to boot, this night. And the men huddled together for warmth, even as their sheep were, to put it mildly, downright uncomfortable. Muffled in cloaks, with rents to let the poking fingers of the wind in, they sat in a miserable

silence. Not even the blazing splendor of a heaven so unusual could take their minds off the piercing cold.

But the old man had seen the wondrously beautiful heavens and he had marvelled, because they seemed hushed and waiting. Queer to think so, but in all his years he had not remembered the firmament so glorious, nor stars so glowing. The hours passed slowly, and the shepherds began to nod. As they sat thus, a light began to steal across the skies, and far off, music soft and exquisitely sweet, sounded.

Startled, the sheep began to mill around, and the men, starting up, were blinded by a great radiance. Numb with fear, both shepherds and sheep were still.

A being of unearthly beauty was speaking: "Fear not." The old man trembled. What was this? "For today is born unto you a Saviour!" Was this death? What did the being say? "Laid in a manger." And wonder of wonders, a chorus of voices burst into song. "Glory to God in the Highest!" The hot tears gathered in the old man's eyes, and as he gazed the light faded, the being was gone, the music ended. Only the stars continued to glow...

They were nearing the stable, each solemn and intent on his own thoughts; their eyes drenched with the wonder they had seen. At the threshold they paused, and looked in. On the straw-littered floor, two people knelt in adoration, a lady and her spouse. Between them, laid in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, a child was sleeping. The old shepherd felt a sob in his throat. Humbly he fell upon his knees, his eyes blinded with tears. The dream had come to pass. He was seeing a King.

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL FORMED AT ONION LAKE SCHOOL

By ALLEN COOK and TOBIE WRIGHT, Grade 6

One day, the principal came down to the boys' recreation room and told the boys that he had an idea. First he chose the oldest boys to become chiefs. They have each chosen a counsellor. The five chiefs then chose 11 boys for each group.

Father explained that each chief would have to mind and help the boys he chose for his group, and at the end of the week there would be a reward for the best group, with something special for the chief.

The meetings take place every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, and a report has to be made for the week's behavior of every group. At the end of the first meeting one of the five chiefs was named head chief and then a special ceremony for the blessing of the chiefs took place.

Here are the names of the chiefs and their counsellors: Chiefs, Peter Medicinechild, Bruce Naistus, Alex Littlewolf, Allen Cook, Robert Atcheynum; counsellors, Donald Cardinal, Tobie Wright, Gordon Thunderchild, Adam Paddy, Dan Naistus.

Every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock the Fathers and Sisters come to the boys' recreation room for the week's meeting. When it has been decided which group was the best, or worked the most, Father Principal gives

out the rewards: the chief gets a quarter, the counsellor gets fifteen cents and each boy in the group gets a bar of chocolate. So far, each group had a turn at being rewarded.

This will help the boys to be good chiefs later in the families, and help them to practice charity towards each other and confidence in themselves.

## ERMINESKIN SCHOOL

Hobbema, Alberta  
Exhibition Prizes

This year at the Calgary and Edmonton exhibitions our school was fortunate in winning 101 first prizes, 98 second prizes and 99 third prizes. The sum of \$275.5 was distributed to the winners.

At the Wetaskiwin Agricultural Fair, held on July 31-Aug. 1, our pupils won more prizes: seven special prizes, 14 first prizes, 12 second prizes and 11 third prizes. The sum of \$46.50 was received.

### Longboat Medals and Trophy

The members of the Alberta region committee appointed for the medal awards are as follows:

G. H. Gooderham, chairman (regional supervisor of Indian Agencies); George Page (director of physical education, Y.M.C.A.); R. D. Ragan (superintendent, Blood Agency); Rev. G. M. Latour, O.M.I. (principal, Ermineskin School, Hobbema), and D. S. R. Sims (clerk, Edmonton).

**October 27th**—On this beautiful morning, three buses left Hobbema for Edmonton. Mr. J. R. Wild, our superintendent, wanted us to see their Royal Highnesses, and what could we do but approve? We saw Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. Now we can say that we are just as lucky as any child in Canada. Our thanks to you, Mr. Wild!

## BROADCAST IN CREE

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—The first regular news and views program in Cree, for the Indian residents of northern Saskatchewan, was inaugurated at radio station CKBI. The program will be on the air every other Saturday at 5:05 p.m.



Missionary Association leaders with Father C. Ruest (Principal) and Laplante (Director) at the Fort Alexander Indian School, Pine Falls, Man.



## MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION CHRONICLE

### Hobbema Indian School, Alta.

Our Missionary Association of Mary Immaculate is continuing its work begun last year. We now have 80 members and 30 aspirants to the First Degree. Group meetings are held every two weeks. All students show a keen interest in their work.

### MISSION SUNDAY

The M.A.M.I. executive decided that each member should make a contribution by envelope to the missions. Everyone co-operated. The sum of \$55.00 was collected this year, double the amount collected in previous years.

Each group chose an Oblate Missionary to whom they will write. A special day of the week is set aside where prayers are offered for him.

### THE FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING

This great day was not forgotten, as it is one which is dear to our hearts. During the preceding week each pupil took a resolution. They then decided they would have to make sacrifices. They wrote these on a small piece of paper which they placed in a box near the picture of Christ the King. The girls organized a triduum of prayers in their recreation room. The executive of the M.A.M.I. led in this. On the eve of the feast these same girls enquired about the time the priest could hear their Confessions as they wanted a general Communion the next day. Everything worked out splendidly. During Low Mass, at 7:30 a.m., hymns were sung. At 10:30 we sang the Mass "Cum Jubilo". At 4:45 p.m. we had solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Fr. Principal read the Act of Consecration to Christ, our King. A special hymn to our King was a fitting close to the ceremony.

### St. Philip Indian School, Sask.

On October 5, we held our first M.A.M.I. meeting of the year. The program of the year, "To Be Honest", was presented to us and we realized there and then how practical it would be. The first point on the program was "Honesty towards our teachers". We can't say we didn't need it, and as a matter of fact, it helped us to improve. For instance, the since the boys have made a cease-fire pact no more papers go flying around the classroom.

We were honored and encouraged by the visit of H. Exc. Bishop J. Bonhomme, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Basutoland, South Africa. On the Feast of Christ the King we presented him with a concert. The main item on the program was a sketch on the Mystical Body of Christ.

### Fort Alexander Reserve, Man.

The first meeting of the Missionary Association of Mary Immaculate for the men and women of our reserve was held February 18, 1951. Since then our association has developed and has already achieved quite a bit.

First we began to convince ourselves of the necessity of working together. Both young and old need each other's help. We must associate. There is no sense in closing ourselves up in our little homes, crying and complaining that the whole world is against us. We must come out and mix with our neighbors in our prayers, games and social activities.

Monthly meetings of the association are suggested and different projects have already been started. The question of the new school, which is to be built by the Indian Affairs Branch, was brought up.

## ST. MARY'S NEWSLETTER

CARDSTON, Alta. — October 18th remains a memorable day for the 80 children of St. Mary's school who went to see the Princess. Up to 4 a.m., all were off at 5 a.m. on their way to Macleod, where they boarded the train to Calgary.

When the Princess visited the Indian village, St. Mary's children got a very good glimpse of her. They were proud to think that their own special gift to the Princess, a beautiful Spiritual Bouquet, was contained in the gift box presented to her Royal Highness by Mrs. Heavy Shield on behalf of the five bands of southern Alberta.

After the stampede, all boarded the homeward-bound train and arrived home safe and happy.

Mr. Albertson, Federal Government Engineer, paid a recent visit to our school for purposes of inspection.

Parties with varied forms of entertainment are held regularly every two weeks for the senior pupils of the school. Ex-pupils, recently graduated, also attend these parties.

The Chronicler.

# Indian Missionary Record Transferred to Ottawa

January Issue Will Be Mailed from Capital

15th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ST. BONIFACE, Man.—The first issue of the 15th year of publication of the "Indian Missionary Record", January 1952, will be printed in Ottawa. The Editor of the "Record" has been appointed director of the Division of Public Relations, of the Oblate Indian Welfare and Training Commission, with headquarters at 1, Stewart St., Ottawa.

The Oblate Missionaries have labored among the Indians of Canada since their arrival in this country, over 100 years ago. They are now in charge of over 90 percent of the Indian and Eskimo missions in the ten Canadian provinces.

Eight Vicariates—Apostolic (Yukon, Prince Rupert, MacKenzie, Grouard, Keewatin, Hudson's Bay, James Bay and Labrador) and four provincial divisions (covering all the southern parts of Canada, from Vancouver Island to the Maritimes), number under their jurisdiction well over 60,000 natives of the Catholic faith, served by hundreds of missionaries: priests, lay brothers, nuns and lay workers.

The Oblate Missionaries work in close co-operation with the Jesuit Missionaries in Ontario and Quebec, as well as with the Marist Missionaries of Vancouver Island.

The "Indian Missionary Record" has a subscription list which covers almost every Indian mission across Canada.

The transfer of the editorial office of the "Indian Record" to Ottawa will vastly increase publication facilities, so that the "Record" will be of greater usefulness and interest to its thousands of readers.

Working in close co-operation with the Superintendent of the Oblate Commission for Indian Welfare and Training, the editor

of the "Record", who has more than 16 years' practical experience in the mission field as well as in publicity work across Canada, will now be able to devote all his time to the furthering of educational, social and cultural advancement of the natives of Canada.

## Earlier Mailing Date

It is hoped that, beginning with the January, 1952, issue, the mailing of the "Indian Record" will be made during the first days of each month.

"Le Droit" Printers of Ottawa, have accepted the printing contract, and we are assured that the mailing of the "Record" will be made early enough so that all readers, even those who are located in Yukon Territory, will receive their copies of the "Record" before the 15th of the current month.

Accordingly all copy from correspondents should reach the editor's office before the end of the month preceding publication. Everyone's co-operation in this matter will be deeply appreciated.

Our new address in Ottawa will be: P.O. Drawer 94, Ottawa, Canada. The office is located in the Catholic Center Building of Ottawa University, at the corner of Stewart and Waller Streets, immediately east of the new MacKenzie King Bridge, ten minutes walk from the Parliament Buildings. Telephone number is 5-6751.



The Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, where the New Indian Act was passed after years of deliberation and consultation with native leaders, Church and welfare authorities. We hope the day will come soon when a native Member will sit in the House of Commons.

## Junior High School Department Opened at St. Paul, Alberta

SOPHIE CARDINAL, Grade 9

This year Blue Quills School has opened a high school. There are six students in Grade Nine, one in Grade Ten, and one in Grade Eight. In Grade Eight, Miss Eva Cardinal; in Grade Nine, Mr. Alex Janvier, Mr. Herman Cardinal, Mr. Eric Cardinal, Miss Edna Minoose and Miss Wilhelmina Ennow and Miss Sophie Cardinal. Miss Elizabeth Cardinal, who passed her Grade Nine with success, is taking Grade Ten this year.

On account of the lack of teachers, we have to take these higher grades by correspondence from the Department of Education of the University of Alberta.

We are all very interested in our studies and we hope to pass our grades; we encourage others to follow us as we go to Grade Twelve. We hope that in the years to come more children from this school will take higher grades, because it is most interesting indeed.

No matter what we shall do later on, we consider that a High School education will be a great asset. We are confident that a higher education will enable us to get better jobs and maybe some day become leaders of organizations on our reserves. It will also permit us to ambition professions, like nursing, stenography, teaching or engineering,

and thus become better and better citizens of our beloved country.

As I have always admired greatly the tasks of doctors and nurses, I would be interested very much in that kind of work. But it is difficult to say right now, what my choice will be. . . .

## Social Workers Appointed

Saskatchewan's first social welfare worker for the Department of Indian Affairs is Margaret Heseltine. She will work directly with the 16,000 Indians in that province.

The 15,000 Indians in Alberta and the N.W.T. will be meeting their social welfare worker, Willa Broderick, who has spent six years among the Ontario Indians and also was with the B.C. Welfare Department.

## ONTARIO FRIEND OF INDIANS DIES

TIMMINS, Ont. — Magistrate E. R. Tucker, champion of Indian welfare in Northern Ontario, died at his home in Cochrane, Nov. 15. He had been in poor health for some time.

A magistrate for nearly 30 years, Mr. Tucker was known as the "flying magistrate" of the Northern Ontario wilderness. He was almost a legendary figure as

patroller of one of the strangest judicial beats in the world. He took the white man's justice to the Indians of the north. For more than a quarter-century the Indians looked to him for guidance.

After he settled in Cochrane, much of his time was spent fighting for his Indian friends. One of his projects was obtaining medical service for them.

We Will Appreciate  
Your Co-operation

Please renew your subscription without delay

Send ALL correspondence to

P.O. Drawer 94 — OTTAWA, Canada